

Speak, ECHO ! tell
With daffodillies^ what she doth
plet Which in such order^ she
doth set
For LOVE to dwell ?
As She should FLORA'S chapel let ?
ECHO, Chaplet! This LOVE likes well!

Speak, ECHO ! tell
Why lilies and red roses like her?
ECHO, Like her! No pity with remorse will
strike her!
Did Nature well, Which did,
from fairest Graces, pike her
To be mine hell ?

Speak, ECHO ! tell Why
columbines she entertains ?
Because the proverb " Watchet"
feigns,
"True loves like well!" And do these
therefore like her veins ? ECHO Her veins !
There CUPIDS dwell!

Speak, ECHO, tell
Wherefore her chaplets yellow were
like, When others here, were more her like?
ECHO, Hair-like !
Yet, I know well! Her heart
is tiger-like, or bear-like,
To rocks itselL

CANZON z.



jjlNG! sing, PARTHENOPHIL ! sing!
pipe ! and play t
This feast is kept upon this plain, Amongst
th' Arcadian shepherds everywhere, For
ASTROPHEL'S birthday! Sweet ASTROPHEL !
Arcadia's honour ! mighty PAN'S chief prid!
Where be the Nymphs ? The Nymphs all
gathered be To sing sweet ASTROPHEL'S sweet
praise!